

The Washington Times

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AUGUST CIRCULATION.

The number of complete and perfect copies of The Washington Times printed daily during the month of August was as follows:

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th	21st	22nd	23rd	24th	25th	26th	27th	28th	29th	30th	Total
12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500	12,500

Total for month: 385,000

Daily average for month: 12,500

The net total circulation of The Washington Times (daily) during the month of August was 125,000, all copies left over and returned being eliminated. This number, when divided by the number of days of publication, shows the net daily average for August to have been 4,166.

August, 1911, includes 19,101 Rochester, N. Y. week extras printed on August 25. Deducting these figures, the average daily net circulation for August is shown to have been 4,155.

Sunday.

The number of complete and perfect copies of The Washington Times printed Sundays during the month of August was as follows:

During the month of August was as follows:			
August 6.....	43,467	August 20.....	50,497
August 12.....	48,448	August 27.....	48,163
Total for month.....			196,574
Sunday average for month.....			48,894

Total for month: 385,000

Sunday average for month: 12,500

The net total circulation of The Washington Times (Sunday) during the month of August was 125,000, all copies left over and returned being eliminated. This number, when divided by the number of days of publication, shows the net daily average for August to have been 4,166.

Entered at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class matter.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1911.

"Natalie," the famous Barney statue, is to be put out in the cold again.

Senator Bailey is welcome to Washington as a permanent resident. He has built a fine residence on Sixteenth street.

The Washington Railway and Electric Company has the opportunity of its lifetime to make a hit by coming out for universal transfers. Will it take it?

Major Judson believes that doing one thing at a time and doing it well is a fine doctrine to apply to municipal matters.

The fall military must be more than usually attractive, when two women are arrested in one day for stealing Parisian products.

It is gratifying to note that President Taft is giving attention in his speeches to District of Columbia affairs. The interest of the country in the Capital ought to be aroused.

The Commissioners would find the public more interested in "getting behind their efforts," if they would take the people more into their confidence by granting hearings on public matters.

With three-course fifteen-cent lunches for the school children of the city being advertised, Superintendent Davidson will have to keep a close watch for "ringers" during these high-cost-of-living days.

The death of Herman Gasech, eighty-five years old, and for over sixty years a prominent business man of Washington, removes one of the sturdy characters and unusual citizens of the Capital.

The record of the Hebrew Free Loan Association of the District for the last year is an enviable one. More than 100 persons were aided and \$2,700 loaned without interest, and during that time not a single cent lost.

Superintendent Davidson's announcement that the rules against cigarette smoking among pupils of the schools will be rigidly enforced, will also make all the boys more eager to give up their vacations and get back to their books.

That loud applause coming from Eighteenth and H streets probably is the Society of the Olden Inhabitants rejecting over the fact that another District landmark is to be preserved. The association long has advocated the protection of Braddock's rock.

The Agricultural Department can get some real pointers about growing plants, flowers, fruits, and vegetables if its representatives will pay a visit to the exhibit of Washington's amateur farmers and fruitmen to be opened today by the Brookland Brotherhood.

It has remained for the Capital to develop something new and bold in the annals of crime. The delivery of a brewery wagon is charged with the embolism of 15,000 glasses of beer. However, the court should remember it's been a long, hot, dry summer.

Indications now are that P. B. Chase and the committee having charge of educating Congress regarding the needs of the Government clerks will have the required \$30,000 subscribed before half that amount is needed. Washington has rallied to the support of the committee valiantly.

"Tom" Grant, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, has gone to Davenport, Iowa, to try to capture the next annual convention of the International Association of Machinists. If the machinists can be induced to study the advantages of Washington as a convention city his task ought to be easy.

Col. Charles W. Coombs, for over thirty-five years messenger of the House of Representatives to the departments, will soon celebrate his seventy-fourth birthday. Hale and hearty, he is still the picture of robust health. Few men have a wider acquaintance among national people than Mr. Coombs.

Champ Clark isn't totin' quite fair with Washington. After refusing to drive those motor cars down the Avenue going to the stunt out in Anderson county, Ky., where he was born, Champ's boyhood friends plan to give him a great reception, but he can have

a bigger one here any day he wants to repeat the performance.

Assistant Superintendent of Schools E. L. Thurston is quoted as saying the schools are fine, the children like them, and that he met seven children yesterday morning, all of whom took the trouble to tell him they were glad to get back again. Still, the figures show there were 42,000 pupils in school on the opening day, and it would be interesting to hear from the other 41,999.

With one moving picture company already in the Capital using the parks, buildings, and streets as backgrounds, and the Federal Government photographing in motion the construction of the Bradley Lane road, the rest of the country soon will realize that there's something in Washington besides Congress and Pauline, the White House cow.

TRANSFERS AND STRAIGHT 5-CENT FARE.

If the street railway companies shall decide on a policy of universal transfers, without waiting to be driven to it, they will give a demonstration of liberality and intelligence that will justify the revision of a well-nigh universal opinion that managerial intelligence is a long way below par with these corporations.

There is a firmly grounded belief in this town that the two most important street car companies will one day propose a consolidation, on terms which will permit another very big and very luscious irrigation of their already highly aerated securities.

That consolidation will require the consent of Congress. In order to placate public sentiment and secure its acquiescence in the melon-cutting, the assurance of universal transfers will be held out as a quid pro quo.

It is thus rather a simple proposition. The underground trolley lines are capitalized at something like two-thirds of a million dollars a mile. Will the people be willing to have that capitalization raised to, say, a million dollars in exchange for universal transfers?

The street car companies would probably grant universal transfers without much protest if it were not for the hope that they may make such a profitable trade as this. Therefore, in the present juncture, it is worth while to state a few plain facts about the situation to the street car managers:

1. There isn't going to be any melon-cutting.

2. Congress has got too wise to pass any more enabling acts for the exclusive benefit of the promoters.

3. The public is going to be "in on" street railway legislation in future.

4. Universal transfers are coming, and the street car people will look much more graceful and amiable if they give up voluntarily.

5. A physical valuation of the street car lines, which will raise the whole issue of overcapitalization, will be a good deal less likely if the companies make some concessions to public sentiment and popular interest.

The fact is, gentlemen, that if you are waiting, as nearly everybody believes, for a chance to put over a neat little project in recapitalization, incident to a consolidation and universal transfer arrangement, you are going to be disappointed. Perhaps you don't understand why, but you ought to. It is because no Congress will ever again DARE to enact such legislation. The people of the whole country would repudiate with indignation a Congress that would pass it.

This is not because the country at large is excited about compelling justice to Washington. It is because the whole country has its eye on the set of issues relating to corporation control, regulation of capitalization, and the like.

There is going to be a vast amount of conversation in the next few years about these issues. The nation will be listening to professions of statesmen who will insist that they favor proper regulation. It will be interested, as never before, to observe whether professional squares with performance.

That is why there simply isn't a ghost of a chance to get any inflation-consolidation project through Congress.

There is just about ten times as much chance of getting a physical valuation and a REDUCTION of fares as there is of getting a consolidation-inflation project passed.

The time was, it may be freely admitted, when such pleasant jobs were pulled off with neatness and regularity. But the days of Joe Babcock as chairman of the District Committee are done. Sammy Smith, in his oleaginous acquiescence in anything a franchised corporation wanted, is no longer sitting on the lid. The always-reliable Gallingher cannot nowadays be certain of controlling the Senate, or even his own committee, when he desires to pass something good for the street car interests.

These are not all the facts of ominous portent. The franchised corporations hold no such firm grip on Congress as they used to hold. Public intelligence and understanding are keener, interest is stronger, than ever before.

And beyond all this there is one newspaper in town which will be very certain to let the light in whenever the effort is made to turn any tricks. The Washington Times is going to fight for the public interest. It will not consent to any projects of inflating stocks, in exchange for universal transfers. It knows perfectly well that no such scheme can be put through in broad daylight.

Why not recognize that the best po-

sible policy in dealing with the people and with Congress is to recognize these new conditions, and try reasonableness and liberality?

Why not give the community free transfers without being clubbed into it, and thus gain credit for some breadth of vision and sympathy with the public's point of view?

THE PROBLEM OF JANUARY AND MAY.

Times Inquiry Department:

Is it a crime for a girl of eighteen to marry a man thirty-four?

I don't love this man, but I could have a home of my own, and I know I would be a desirable companion to him.

At my present occupation I am very unhappy and feel that my resignation is greatly desired by all of my superior officers. Yet I am ashamed to give it up; I am ashamed to face my family and say I have failed in my undertaking.

They would be pleased to have me marry this man as he is supposed to have money. Would it be so terribly bad if I did?

I don't want his money; I merely want a home of my own where I'd be happy and feel that my presence was desirable. Please tell me which seems the better, to remain where I am or marry a man I don't love.

UNHAPPY MAE.

There is something so sincere and pathetic in this appeal that it stands apart from the routine inquiries for recipes and lotions and claims a special word of sympathetic candor. Into every situation such as our correspondent describes the personal equation so largely enters that it is not easy to generalize with a cock-sure assumption of infallibility. There have undoubtedly been instances where a prudent regimen in youth has insured an age without infirmities and a natural bent toward buoyancy has laughed away the torpor which sometimes comes with advancing years. When the heart of youth and the mind of age conspire to light love with the lamp of wisdom and experience, it is conceivable that January may mate with June.

And yet the heritage of youth is so rich and unreturning that one may well pause and consider how it is to be spent. In the varied crises which come with dawning womanhood the problem which perplexes our "unhappy" young friend has mystified many generations of her equally unhappy sisters. Little wonder that in the darkness of uncertainty she gropes for a friendly hand to tranquillize her troubled spirit, and, if possible, guide the drifting bark of a young life's opportunity into a safe and quiet haven.

If youth is exuberant it is likewise easily discouraged. Experience alone can bring that larger view of life in which we find that the darkest hours are before the dawn. The skill which brings a commanding place in the business world is not acquired overnight, but once acquired it leaves but little likelihood that service would continue to be intolerable. Since the necessity of meeting and mastering these business difficulties is one of the alternatives which our troubled correspondent must face it is not too much to suggest that for yet a while she cultivate that infinite capacity for taking pains which is allied to genius, ever bearing in mind the golden thought of Michael Angelo that "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

And yet these sober precepts must seem dry and ineffectual to the ripening womanhood which feels that it has a right to the highest fulfillment of the laws of its being. It seems a pitiless mockery that the joyousness of eighteen should be chilled and stifled in the withered companionship of three score, merely as a refuge from the primary pains of hunger and cold and from the gnawing chagrin of feeling that one is superfluous in an existing environment. It stirs desperate rebellion in the heart against the irony with which fate brings discord into the harmony of the world. Facing facts as they are, we realize that there is a point beyond which heroic resolution and a cold sense of duty cannot go in their effort to silence the voice of nature.

And finally we come to the one supreme consideration. Whatever the flippant cynics and jaded worldlings may say, the one thing which waters the arid waste of life, and makes existence something more than "a convulsion between two mysteries," is the one thing which sweetens toil and comforts grief and paints rainbows on the leaden cloud-racks of despair is the world-old witchery of love, which is born anew with each tomorrow. No doubt the glorified heights of heaven are musical with the long procession of saintly women who have muted the tremulous harp-strings of their hearts here on earth during the slow canker of self-martyrdom and sad renunciation. But perhaps, after all, their reward would have been as great if, in such a contingency as that which confronts our unhappy questioner they had listened to the voice of nature after the goodly plan which came to earth when the evening and the morning were the first day.

Impartial candor can find but one answer to make to the normal heart of sweet eighteen. And that answer would be to wait for the coming of that love which materialism cannot banish, even from this feverish age—wait with mind alert to each passing opportunity and yet with the patient assurance that a sweet hope lies buried, however deeply from human eyes, and that youth, with all things in its favor, may safely trust that

In the hereafter angels may Roll the stone from its grave away.

THE RED ROSE

Reviewed For Times Readers By JULIA MURDOCK

Comedy Is Genuine and Dances Are "Whimsical," to Say the Least.

might as well have been Helen of Troy, or Cleopatra, or the Queen of Sheba, in so far as holding the center of the stage was concerned. Of course, there are other beautiful gowns in the place, but she is the only one who really counts. The others cavort all over the stage in most remarkable costumes—even in chiffon harem skirts—but what of that when Valessa Suratt is on the stage, did in all her glory?

There is a grand old dame of the name of Maxwell Reynolds, who had the part of Speigle, a picture dealer. He is a spontaneous and natural humor, and kept the audience convulsed the entire time he was on the stage.

A splendid foil to his brand of humor was Flavia Arcade, who was Madame Joyant, concierge of the studio in which the first act is laid, and foster-mother to the young couple. She is a charming singer and a graceful dancer. Silas Plant, an American millionaire, with the gout and several other ailments, was the character of Alonzo Lorimer, another American millionaire, father to the son who wants to marry Lola. Lola, played by Daisy Jahres, opportunity for some clever comedy work. He confesses frankly that he does not know his own business, but he is a demi monde from a demi Tuesday, but is willing to be shown, which a charming Parisienne, Daisy Plant, a part excellently played by Daisy Jahres, undertakes to do for him.

Gyp, another Parisienne, a character played by Beatrice Doane, is excellently done. Miss Doane wears a number of gorgeous gowns in a stunning fashion.

Play Is of Sort To Please Tired Man.

There are any number of girls who trip along giddily through three acts and any number of scenes, cheerfully singing, dancing, and falling into picturesque poses as well as without as has been said before, many bewitching clothes. Some of the dances were, to say the least, "whimsical," especially one in the second act, following the song "Love and Beauty."

"The Dance of the Seven Satellites" was as daring as anything that will be seen in Washington this winter. I predict, and the grand finale, a march with confetti, was dainty and colorful. There is plenty of glimmer in "The Red Rose," plenty of the humor of the sort that will amuse the "faded business man," and make him want to stay, just to look at the pretty girls and to hear Valessa Suratt sing.

The play does not attempt to point a moral, nor does it make a statement of manly. As musical comedies go, it is as full of sparkle and melody and color as the most improving critic could wish. It shows a very clever producer, which is the answer to the question that has often been asked—"why is a musical comedy?"

JULIA MURDOCK.

"The Top of the World," appearing at the Columbia Theater, will be reviewed in tomorrow's Times by Julia Murdock.

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